

# TOC H JOURNAL

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## New Every Morning

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EVERY DAY is somebody's birthday and the anniversary of some event worth calling to mind, whether this leaves a mark in the history-books or only on the life of the individual. For the Christian a Star wonderfully lights the darkness of a mid-winter night, and one spring morning renews our own "sure and certain Hope" as well as the miracle of Nature's resurrection.

Toc H has its days too—December 11, our Birthday and the Chain of Light, a feast of friends; October 31, the end of the financial year, with a goal achieved or still only part won. Should not September 1 be reckoned the *beginning* of our year's work? The holiday break for most of us is over, the signs of autumn remind us of the urgency of the winter's programme. Now is the time to muster the full manpower of the Branch, to recruit new members, to plan extension in fresh places, to survey the old field again for opportunities of service we have missed hitherto. It is not a bad time to re-examine our personal loyalties and our belief in Toc H as a way of life, to confirm our conviction of its principles and our relations with the brethren.

In doing this we shall find that, though we may be no nearer to a pat definition of Toc H for strangers, we begin to understand it better ourselves. See how many varied interests it touches—even in this present issue of the JOURNAL! Multiply them many times and you will not have reached the end, for Toc H is inexhaustible if we care to make it so. "New every morning is the Love" that encourages our fellowship and every day our service can be a fresh adventure.

# 'Foreign' no longer

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*The writer of this article, MISS ELIZABETH G. STADULIS, has made a close study of the problem of resettling Displaced Persons in English-speaking countries.*

A FOREIGNER residing temporarily in a strange land for the avowed purpose of studying somebody else's "social problem" should crave the indulgence of every native he meets during the course of his stay. Consequently, I, as an American, have tried to ward off any annoyance which my reasons for being in England might occasion by apologising in advance to every Englishman who has had to listen to an exposition of them. In a very short while I discovered that an apology was far from necessary. On the contrary, I have been overwhelmed by the amount of assistance and sincere interest which have greeted me everywhere in this country, not least of all at Toc H Headquarters! And so it is that I am writing this article, cataloguing for Toc H readers who are interested in the plight of Displaced Persons in the modern world some of the impressions I have formed in moving among them over the past two or three years.

## Human aspects

Over and above the academic comparisons I may be led to make in the course of my studies of the resettlement of D.P.'s in the several English-speaking countries of the world, I am personally very much concerned with the altogether human aspects of the "refugee problem", and it is this that I should like to enlarge upon here. This side of the problem, as it exists for every man, woman, and child who bears the label of "D.P.", is compounded of three experiences: the experience of being uprooted from their homes, of uncertainly knocking about in the impersonal and intimidating atmosphere of camps in Germany for years, and finally, the formidable experience of being resettled in an utterly strange environment.

The fourth major experience in the life of the D.P. will be to become absorbed, or assimilated, into the social, cultural, and economic pattern of the nation in which, in all probability, he will continue to live. This may be the most difficult adjustment to achieve, and the effort required must, of course, come from two sides—from the native-born citizens just as much as from the immigrants.

I need not introduce your foreign population to you. You know that substantial numbers of refugees sought refuge here before the war. (about 90,000 in all) some of whom have stayed on. Members of General Anders' Polish forces, together with their dependants, numbering about 175,000 in all, are also settling down in the United Kingdom on a permanent basis. And, in addition, approximately 90,000 European Volunteer Workers have been brought into the country, under various schemes to work in essential undermanned industries like coal-mining, textiles, agriculture, and to do domestic work in hospitals, homes, and laundries. All European Volunteer Workers are not Displaced Persons, as for instance, the German and Austrian women who came to do domestic work under the "Blue Danube" and "North Sea" schemes. But the Poles (though not so in the terminology of the International Refugee Organisations) are, in reality, "displaced" and must remain so until the *régime* in Poland is changed; and the 8,000 Ukranian prisoners-of-war who elected to stay here rather than go home are also, in effect, displaced people.

### A common Impress

The experiences of all D.P.'s have stamped them with a common impress, giving a certain common denominator to their reactions and attitudes. Their chief characteristic is, certainly, anxiety, over their past, present, and future. They still feel sorrow at having been separated from loved members of their family—and almost every refugee met in England will tell you of having personally witnessed the violence of both separations. Their anxiety also takes the form of a deep personal fear that the period of tribulation for the world as a whole is not yet over and that they, as individuals, will be called upon

to make still more sacrifices. And now they are feeling the *uncertainty* which comes of undertaking, in middle-age very often, a completely *new* way of life.

To speak in terms of a common denominator is a bit dangerous and unfair. After years of being herded and hounded, the D.P. wants, possibly more than anything else, the security and sanity of being treated as a simple individual, with individual attributes and desires. They tend, therefore, to cling more strongly to whatever individuality they *naturally* possess and to resent any urging, however slight, to conform to standards with which they are not most familiar. In other words, they tend to be clannish, to foster close contacts with other members of their nationality in this country, and to keep alive the belief that their way of life at home is the best possible one.

### Involuntary exiles

These people, although they are now immigrants in many parts of the world, are not the usual type of immigrant of the past. They did not leave their homes voluntarily; a great many of them constituted the *élite* of their own countries. They were not moved by a desire for improvement in their material conditions; on the contrary, except in the cases of the peasants of eastern Europe, the outcome has been the opposite. They had no real choice as to which country they would henceforth live in. They do not emigrate so as to practise their particular calling with more freedom and with more chance of success; on the contrary; very many of them were well-established professional and business people at home, enjoying prestige which they have little hope of ever repeating elsewhere. In other words, the conditions of a reasonably normal, contented life are denied to D.P.'s from the very beginning by all the circumstances of their displacement.

The Baltic peoples furnish the most striking example of these characteristics. I have met many of them during my stay in England, in hostels and out, in remote country districts and in cities; former lawyers, teachers, writers, scientists, priests. Whether they are working on farms or in factories,

they are hard-working and uncomplaining. They are often men and women of middle age, using unaccustomed muscles, having to travel sometimes twenty or thirty miles a day to work, and feeling the effects of such strain keenly. At the end of a day they are generally too tired to attend English language classes in their hostels with regularity or enthusiasm, or to go out and mix in local society. They are consequently absorbing English ways very slowly and then, mainly through the contacts they are able to make at their work-places. For people who pride themselves on their high level of education and broad intellectual interests, the daily routine of a job in hospital or factory cannot be satisfying by itself. It needs to be supplemented by introductions to other, more ingratiating aspects of life in this country; otherwise the European Volunteer Workers will remain just what the name indicates, and will fall back more and more on their own national cultural societies.

### Assimilation

With middle-aged and older people, an unwillingness to exchange the old for the new is to be expected. But it should not be so with young adults, and yet I have found them, too, clinging to their own language, their own clubs, and their dreams of going home again. There is no intimation here that the beautiful and richly interesting culture of these people should be thrown aside! On the contrary, their introduction on to British soil should prove a real stimulus and an element of strength.

Because the Poles have been in the United Kingdom longer, more progress has been made with respect to their assimilation into the English pattern, but the process here, too, may scarcely be said to have begun. The success of Anglo-Polish Societies which exist in many parts of Great Britain for the express purpose of introducing Poles and Britons to each other, gives some idea as to how the newer arrivals may be welcomed in turn. Those D.P.'s who have experienced personal hospitality have been extremely grateful for it. Those who have made British friends and are beginning to achieve a little

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 status in local community life are the only ones who say that they look upon their life in Britain with real affection and look forward to staying here permanently.

The "human aspect" of the refugee problem (and I wonder whether there should be another aspect) can be helped only by well-meaning and understanding individuals. However good the British authorities, and every D.P. here has told me how much he or she has appreciated this consideration, they can only create the framework within which others can act. From now on, it will be a matter of weaving a web of friendly relationships around people who have directly experienced more tragedy and disappointment than most of us can imagine, and who want to feel again that they are useful, welcome members of the society in which they must, perhaps, continue to live. It seems to be a problem which a movement such as Toc H is pre-eminently fitted to relieve.

E.C.S.

## Upon the Feast of Boniface

Upon the Feast of Boniface  
 This came into my mind.

"Our God hath not forgotten grace,  
 Nor left off being kind."

His meekness, courage, glory, light,  
 Came stoutly to my aid.  
 He bade me bear ill-omen'd night,  
 His men are unafraid.

From fear He is the sure release;  
 Prayer is no stagnant pact.  
 O World, beseech the Prince of Peace!  
 Ask Him, and He will act.

P. B. CLAYTON.



*The XII century church of St. Peter's-in-the-Wood, Pembury, Kent, where the job of cleaning and redecorating the interior has recently been completed by members of Pembury Toc H Branch.*

# Toc H in Wales

*During a recent visit to North Wales, TUBBY talked at a Criccieth meeting. After he had spoken the following comment was made by DR. WILLIAM GEORGE, a brother of the late EARL LLOYD GEORGE.*

THOUGH I have been looking forward to this meeting eagerly, I must admit that the pleasure it has given me has altogether exceeded my expectations. I had, of course, heard of Toc H and its symbolic use of Light, but I must confess that I knew very little of the actual work it had accomplished until to-night. Nor had I, in fact, realised the kind of work it had done and is doing throughout the world to-day.

You will therefore believe me when I say that the plain tale unfolded to us in the extraordinary address to which we have just listened has given me something of a shock. It has upset the complacency with which one ordinarily listens to religious addresses in these hard-faced times. There are some present here to-night who remember the days of the great Welsh Revival of fifty years ago.

Those were great days when people from all parts of the world visited Wales to witness the working of God's spirit on the troubled waters of Welsh life. But before very long, the waves caused by the spiritual storm that then swept over the country from end to end subsided and the calmness of the turgid waters of the Dead Sea now dominates the scene.

May it not be that what we have heard here to-night will be the beginning of another revival in Wales. The marvellous address to which we have just listened should at least awaken in us a new conception of the true meaning of the word "Service".

Too often we confine the meaning of the word attendance at and participation in certain religious exercises—mostly on Sundays—attendances which involve no real sacrifice on our part and which consequently just skim over the surface of our lives leaving the deeper springs of action untouched. Toc H has evidently an altogether different conception of what real service to God demands of us and I hope that at least one



result of this meeting will be that we, the religious-minded people of the district will put our heads and hearts together so as to find out what is the service we are called upon to do and then in God's name to step forward and do it.

W.G.

*Subsequently, Tubby wrote to Dr. William George thanking him for his message and enclosing a copy of the following letter from his brother, taken from the records of All Hallows.*

Bron-y-de,  
Churt,  
Surrey.  
April 10, 1937.

Dear Mr. Clayton,

I appreciate so much your letter and the invitation you convey to me to come to Tower Hill one evening in May or June.

Had it been possible for me to add to my engagements at the moment, such an invitation coming as it does from yourself would have been the one I should have preferred, as it would enable me to come into direct contact with a movement for which I have always had a genuine appreciation. You are on the right road to save this generation—the path of manly religion. The invitation is all the more attractive as you suggest that my talk should have been concerning Gilbert Talbot, for whom I had an affectionate regard. I am, unfortunately, working against time to prepare my new book on the Peace Conference for the publishers, who are clamouring for it, as it is already very much overdue. I am being constantly taken off it by demands which I am bound to fulfil, such as the House of Commons, the Civil List Committee and other things, and I simply dare not add anything more to my engagements. I feel sure you will understand. Will you let me come later on?

Ever sincerely,  
(Signed) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

Rev. P. B. Clayton, C.H., M.C.,  
*All Hallows Porchroom.*

# Festivals & Rallies



*The Festival of Britain has invaded a thousand places, from great cities to hamlets, a tonic to us all in hard times. And the festival spirit has stirred Toc H in many forms of celebration and action. Accounts of these are reaching us from all over the country and we regret that it is impossible to print them all. What follows is, therefore, only a representative selection.*

## Oxford & Thames Valley

OXFORDSHIRE abounds in interesting churches, the Abbey Church at Dorchester-on-Thames is one of the most beautiful in England. Nestling between the Rivers Thames and Thame, this little township dominated by the Abbey, is a most fitting place for a Toc H gathering in celebration of the Festival of Britain.

After tea in the village school, most people moved to the Abbey to see one of the finest examples of the Decorated Period in England, the Bewfforeste Brass, and the stained glass windows.

The Festival opened with a play on the life of St. Birinus, first Bishop of Dorchester, written by Wyatt Joyce, and performed by members of Oxford and Abingdon Branches. The actors are to be congratulated on the way they strove to overcome the acoustic difficulties. We saw Birinus gradually overcoming the bewildered heathen King Cynegils of Wessex, Temptation succumbing to the maturing force of Birinus' saintly personality till the final baptism of the King, and his Court. A moving play.

A Service of Praise and Thanksgiving followed, commencing with the entrance of the Lord Bishop of Dorchester (The Right Rev. Gerald Allen, D.D.) and the Procession of Banners. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. C. Stephenson, the Oxford Branch Padre, assisted by the Vicar of Dorchester.

The Lesson was read by W. S. Hardacre, the Area Chairman; Dr. Allen preached a sermon from the text Exodus 12, verse 26. "And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this Service?"

Standing at the High Altar, the Bishop intoned the collect of St. Birinus, before he gave us the Blessing. The Service ended with the Bishop's Procession, preceded by the Banner Bearers moving round the Abbey.

P.N.W.

## Northern Area

**T**ENS OF THOUSANDS of miners and their families gather each year in Durham City for the Miners' Gala Day, the Methodists turn up in their thousands for their 'Big Meeting' Day, the British Legion also assemble one day each year and on Saturday, July 7, the Salvation Army arrived in their hundreds with banners waving and bands playing. The same day almost 400 members of Toc H and Toc H (Women's Section) from over fifty Branches in the Northern Area met in Durham for their Rally.

To commence the proceedings a service was held in St. Nicholas Church, being conducted by the Rev. Monty Callis (Area Padre—South). Lessons were read by the Rev. Mercer (Coundon) and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Norman Motley (Chief Anglican Padre). Toc H is a means to an end, Padre Motley reminded us, the end being the Kingdom of God upon earth. Toc H is not a substitute for Christianity. We were challenged on many points—are we bearing any fruit in our Toc H life? Are we getting to grips with the means needed to do the job? Have we sought prayer as an aid? Do we read the New Testament, the mandate of Christians?

Following the sermon forty-four lighted Lamps and Rushlights were borne to the chancel steps where Jack Sugden (Area Chairman) took 'Light' and the Rev. Colonel R. Atkinson (Area Padre—North) led the Re-dedication.

After tea in the Great Hall of Durham Castle we assembled in the historic Town Hall for our evening meeting. Entertainment by Toc H members was followed by the presenta-



WORK: "The discussion groups faced practical questions"

tion of three new Lamps (Coundon, Carlin How and Newcastle) by Charles V. Young (Area Secretary) and the lighting of all Lamps by Bill Barnes (Central Councillor). Barclay Baron then gave us an inspiring address showing how we must look out to far horizons and even see beyond horizons. The growth of the Movement throughout the world illustrated how small beginnings produced undreamed of results.

Sixty-two men stayed overnight in Durham Castle to continue the week-end. This part of the Rally was probably the most profitable in that we were able to study together, play together and to get to know each other better. Sunday was started in the right manner by the celebration of Holy Communion. The first training session was introduced by Barkis, the theme being the understanding of the 'Colour Problem'. After an explanation of the various aspects of the problem throughout the world we split up into discussion groups and attempted to relate the world-wide problem to ourselves and our Branches. The first conclusion arrived at was the realisation of our abysmal ignorance of the subject and all of us determined from then onwards to study it more fully.

An essential part of the programme was the free time



—AND PLAY: "We were able to get to know each other better"

which allowed us to wander together around the ancient city. The second session, led by Ian Fraser, was devoted to the place of Toc.H in the world today and the methods of attracting and retaining new members. In the discussion groups we were faced with practical questions which made us work out the methods of starting new units and the building of Branch programmes.

The results of this week-end should be many—most important probably being the joy of living, laughing and learning together. The practical results should be seen in our Branches over the next few months.

J.O.L.B.

## Surrey

ON SUNDAY afternoon, June 24, Toc H members from Surrey and their friends gathered in the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, Guildford, on the first occasion of a Festival in the Surrey Area. The Area Padre, John Durham, conducted the special form of service and the Bishop of Guildford gave the address. The Bishop recalled, when Tubby and he were curates in Portsmouth and Gosport respectively, the discussions they had in the pre 1914/1918 war on Portsdown Hill when he believed Toc H was first conceived. The theme of his address was "Ye are the salt of

the earth; ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill. . . .” The Bishop said that **fifty** years ago, so great was progress, that men thought they stood on the verge of perfection—we had since been disillusioned. It was only in the whole company of the Church, among true Christians, sinners like ourselves, that man can realise his full service and salvation. The Christian’s service to the community was to act as salt does; to guide others lost in darkness and to follow Him, Whose light we bear, the Saviour of the World. There was no other way. The lesson was read by the Deputy Area Chairman, Fred Alldis. Among those who attended were the Mayor and Mayoress of Guildford and the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey and Lady Haining, and other civic bodies were represented.

Tea and a Guest-night followed in the Surrey Technical College. The Area Chairman, Ray Johnson presided. After some first-class singing by the Dennis Male Voice Choir, and excellent hand-bell ringing by four members of the 1st Shepperton Troop of Scouts, Light was taken preceded by a procession of Lamps and Banners. The Rev. John Jones, our late Area Padre, was the guest speaker. In his inimitable way John recalled us to our place and purpose in the world-wide family of Toc H and John Durham wound up with the Epilogue.

C.B.

## Pageantry at Wolverton

**A** PAGEANT of the History of Britain formed part of Wolverton’s Festival of Britain celebrations and the local Toc H Branch were allotted the portion from 1915 to the present day. Sydney Swain writes:

We had three scenes. The first was the birth of Toc H and showed chaps in 1914 battle-dress coming from the Salient. The Narrator took up the story of Talbot House and told that it was more than a canteen, the secret of its success being the Upper Room. At this point the curtains parted to reveal the altar and two rows of forms, on one of which was seated our curate, who is also a member of the Branch. Those of us in battle-dress then came in, had a brief look round and finally knelt in prayer. For myself,

I was just doing what I really did do in December, 1917, and the curate also used the Old House during that war.

The next scene portrayed Toc H in action. This showed a member attending a young leper, another leading a St. Dunstan's man (we are well known for our interest in this splendid organisation), another wheeling an invalid, while another was a Scoutmaster with one of his boys, and so on. The Narrator described the work and as each form of service was mentioned the spotlight picked out the individual and the audience showed in no uncertain manner their appreciation of this side of Toc H.

The final scene was called "The Symbol". Our carpenter's bench was in the centre of the stage, on its right a line of members in Service dress, Navy, Army and R.A.F. After the Narrator's explanation, the Padre lit the Lamp and it was passed from one member to another until it reached the youngest. The audience were then invited to witness the Ceremony of Light.

We had four performances and, in all, about 3,000 people saw a little of the inside of Toc H. Their generous comments made us feel proud of our Movement and I am sure Toc H has gained many friends through this effort.

S.S.

## Harrow Tours (Unlimited)

A PARTY of people being conducted by a man or woman wearing an out-size Toc H badge; signposts on street lamps pointing to a Toc H exhibition and a room packed with people looking at exhibits of Toc H activities and enjoying the inevitable Toc H cup of tea. These were the outward and visible signs of the special Festival of Britain effort arranged jointly by Harrow Branch and the Harrow and Wealdstone Branches of the Women's Section, which ran for fifteen days from June 30 to July 14.

Twice daily throughout the period parties were met at the gate of St. Mary's Church and were conducted by Toc H guides around the Church which dates from the days of William the Conqueror; to the Peachey tomb-stone, favourite resting-place of Byron when a boy at Harrow School; to the plaque commemorating Anthony Ashley Cooper, late Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, who, while a boy at Harrow School, was

so horrified at the sight of a pauper's funeral with its drunken, blasphemous bearers, that he vowed to devote his life to the service of the poor and oppressed and later became one of the greatest social reformers in English history.

Other places of historic interest were visited, but the chief attraction was undoubtedly Harrow's famous School. We were able to show our tourists most of the principal parts of the School; the old original Fourth Form Room, with its wooden panels carved with the names of generations of Harrovians, including more than one Prime Minister; Speech Room with its memorials to illustrious old scholars; the beautiful War Memorial building; the Chapel with its magnificent altar and flanking mosaic panels; and the amazing Vaughan Library, packed with objects of artistic and historical interest.

The tour of the School was only made possible by the untiring efforts of George Duvall, a keen member of Harrow Branch who at other times is the Headmaster's secretary. He talked steadily for about two hours on every evening except two! For the rest of the tour we were indebted largely to Alf Bedford who, from the knowledge gained in the course of fifty years' residence in Harrow, prepared most valuable notes for the guidance of the guides.

During our fifteen days we conducted nearly 1,000 people around the Hill. Of these a considerable number came from distant parts of the country and quite a few from the Continent and the Dominions. At the end of each tour the party was invited to visit our Toc H exhibition and to have a cup of tea with us, and a little under half of the total did so. It must be admitted that the exhibition, as such, attracted only a very few people, but as a tailpiece to the tours it worked admirably. It provided us with a ready answer to the many who, while walking around the Hill, wanted to know something about Toc H.

We are all quite pleased with the interest shown in this Festival effort, and we are now exploring ways of developing some of the contacts we made. (That cup of tea made a lot of friends for Toc H!) An unexpected by-product was about £20 put in our box by many who insisted on showing their appreciation in tangible fashion.

E.E.H.





BATES.—On April 2, HARRY FRED BATES, aged 76, a member of Canterbury Branch. Elected 1.7.'38.

BIRD.—On July 1, WILLIAM ROWLAND BIRD, aged 85, a former member of Swindon Branch. Elected 1.1.'24.

CAPSTICK.—On June 27, ROBERT CAPSTICK, aged 56, the Pilot of Godreaman Branch. Elected 25.7.'40.

CLARKE.—In June, EDWARD CLARKE, aged 43, a member of Dalton in Furness Branch. Elected 1.10.'30.

DIXON.—On June 29, THOMAS GURNEY DIXON, aged 70, a member of Aldingbourne Branch. Elected 21.1.'46.

HARRISON.—On June 30, WILLIAM HARRISON, aged 42, the Secretary of Withington Branch. Elected 30.3.'31.

HOLMES.—On July 15, the result of a pit accident, NORMAN HOLMES, aged 38, a member of Hetton-le-Hole Branch. Elected 2.9.'48.

HOME.—On July 11, at The Hirsell, Coldstream, Berwickshire, The EARL OF HOME, K.T., aged 77, for twenty-one years a President of 'Toc H.

HOTTEN.—On June 23, WILLIAM HENRY HOTTEN, aged 60, a member of Highgate Branch. Elected 13.10.'43.

LAW.—On June 29, WILLIAM LAW, aged 68, a member of the Scottish General Branch. Elected 26.2.'42.

McRAE.—On June 21, JOHN B. McRAE, aged 59, warden and member of Hamilton Branch. Elected 3.9.'31.

MAXWELL-ANDERSON.—On June 9, in Malta, Captain Sir MAXWELL HENDRY MAXWELL-ANDERSON, C.B.E., K.C., R.N. (retd.), aged 73, formerly Chairman of 'Toc H in Malta. Elected 8.10.'44.

MORRIS.—On May 15, The Rev. DAVID JOHN MORRIS, aged 65, a member of Ferndale Branch. Elected 5.7.'39.

PAINE.—On March 4, RALPH PAINE, aged 53, a member of Henfield Branch. Elected 30.7.'34.

ROBERTS.—On May 22, Canon ROLAND HARRY WILLIAM ROBERTS, a member of Truro Branch. Elected 28.5.'29.

STEPHENS.—On July 1, the Rev. JOHN EDWARD STEPHENS, aged 55, the Padre of Wood Green Branch. Elected 1.2.'49.

# Toc H Australia is 'News'

FROM AUSTRALIA there comes a fortnightly magazine *PIX* which in size and appearance is not unlike the more familiar *Picture Post*. In the issue dated May 19, 1951, four of its forty-eight pages are devoted to a pictorial account of Toc H in Australia and provide a comprehensive outline of the Movement's activities 'Down Under'.

The story commences with a descriptive picture of the Ceremony of Light: "A flame kindled from the embers of World War I continues to light the painful paths of thousands in trouble; is helping to bridge across the gap dividing individuals and nations".

A record of jobs galore is then unfolded, depicting Toc H members in action with Film Units, a Blood Transfusion

*Two pages of the PIX article, telling of 'Light' and of the help given to the aged and to youth.*



The Toc H movement in Australia is a result of the efforts of a group of people who have been working for many years to help the aged and the youth. The movement is based on the principles of the Toc H movement in the United Kingdom, which was founded in 1919.





Will to serve lightens his own burden

*A further two pages continues the description of Toc H Australia's activities.*

Service, a Children's Library started in a garage, repairs at a Boys' Home and much else besides. "Singly and in teams, they perform practical field work among the sick, the poor, the illiterate; in institutions of all kinds, for children and adults—or for just some unfortunate in a spot of trouble who comes to Toc H for help."

Full weight is given to the part played by members of Toc H (Women's Section) and the fact that Toc H is a Christian organisation is duly stressed. Comment is also made on the richness in variety of the membership; "Social stratas don't exist. . . . In working together on a common task they get to know what makes the other fellow tick".

When introducing Toc H to new friends it has long been customary to start by telling of the signallers' abbreviation of its early title, but in this article such explanation has been left until near the end, after the reader's attention has been caught and held by the topicality of the story. With justifiable pride it concludes with a tribute to an Australian (Padre Philip Byard Clayton) who "started it all". Well played Toc H Australia—and thank you PIX.

CHES.



## *Multum in Parvo*

✽ PADRE AND MRS. HERBERT LEGGATE will be returning from Eastern Canada in October.

✽ Best wishes to PADRE AND MRS. PAUL WEBB, who returned from Germany in June and are now at Market Rasen, Lincolnshire. He served on the Staff for fourteen years, the last six as Services Commissioner, B.A.O.R.

✽ On September 23: SUSSEX FESTIVAL at Shoreham. On October 6-7: SCOTTISH FESTIVAL at Glasgow. On November 3-4: NORTHERN IRELAND FESTIVAL at Belfast.

✽ THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will start on December 11 from St. John's Church, CARDIFF, where a Vigil will be kept during the twenty-four hours. It will be observed at 9 p.m. that day in the hemisphere west of Wales, from Cardiff to the Pacific Ocean. It will be completed by observances in turn at 9 p.m. by local time on Wednesday, December 12, throughout the hemisphere east of Wales, from New Zealand to England.

✽ THE FESTIVAL OF TOC H will be held at Squires Gate Holiday Camp, BLACKPOOL, in September, 1952, probably on 20-21.

✽ THE FESTIVAL OF TOC H (WOMEN'S SECTION) will be held in LONDON in October, 1952, probably on 25-26.

✽ The Exhibition of Amateur Art, "PAINTING IS A PLEASURE", organised by Mrs. Rex Benson for the benefit of Toc H and held in June at the Trafford Gallery in London, followed by an auction of the pictures at Christie's, brought a gift of £1,275 to the Family Purse.

✽ The Hon. Treasurer believes that the success of this "SPECIAL EFFORT" and of the B.B.C. appeal will be a great encouragement to all the Branches and Districts who are determined to ensure that sufficient money is raised this year to balance the budget by October 31.

# The Day's Work

*Earlier this year we printed stories from a miner and a showman, both members of Toc H, telling of their day's work. Here S. R. Wood, a member of Llandudno Branch, writes of a day in the life of a real 'P.C.49'.*

**B**ECAUSE I am a real P.C.49, I cannot lay claim to any gay exciting adventures. The greater part of my several years service in the Police Force has been spent in small country stations in a North Wales county; the kind of country district where you find a sergeant and a constable responsible for looking after an area of about twenty square miles. This very often means that the calls of duty keep one away from home from very early morning until late at night.

I remember one spring day, I had been out since before dawn, with a party of local farmers, searching for a "killer" dog which, for several nights, had been worrying sheep on the hill pastures.

The dog having been accounted for, I arrived home, tired and hungry, ready to do justice to a late breakfast which my wife, by her usual magic, had succeeded in keeping tasty, despite the fact that I was over an hour late.

Hardly had I sat down when a parson from a village about six miles away called to report that his neighbours' house had been broken into and ransacked.

Being a real P.C.49, I, of course, finished my breakfast, the reverend gentleman joining me in a cup of tea, before setting out to investigate. I discovered from my visitor, that "Ty Hen"—that's the name of the house broken into—had been temporarily unoccupied for some days, and that the parson had promised the owner to "keep an eye on things". He was very upset as to what the owner would say upon his return.

With the help of the baker's roundsman, we soon arrived at "Ty Hen". All the lower rooms had been thoroughly and methodically ransacked.

Mr. Jones, the Parson, was not sure what had been stolen

but he was able to tell me that the back door key, which had been left on the inside of the door after locking it on that side, was missing. I found no wonderful revealing clues to lead me to the culprit so, after spending some considerable time in the village trying to glean information and drawing blank, I was reluctantly compelled to report my failure to the sergeant.

I went home. Dinner was spoilt, even my wife's magic could not keep appetising until 6 o'clock, a dinner cooked five hours previously. I had my meal, wrote reports about the sheep worrying and the housebreaking, attending to a trifling accident which meant a few scratches on each of the two motor cars involved but an hour's paper work for me, dealt with Wil Tub, our regular drunken nuisance, who was indulging in his habit of wife-beating, had supper, and agreed with my wife that it was, at last, time to "call it a day".

In bed, I thought of the day's work and what the morrow might bring. Then, for a reason I'll mention later, I decided to re-visit "Ty Hen" without delay. Telling my wife that I would be away for some time, I dressed, telephoned the sergeant to let him know what I was doing, jumped on the old bike, and off I pedalled for "Ty Hen".

Arriving there I hid my bicycle in the garden of Mr. Jones, the Parson, next door, and, having made sure that the house was as I had left it earlier, settled in the bushes near the back door to wait. It was then nearly one o'clock in the morning.

Time dragged slowly. After an hour had passed, being stiff with cold, and thoroughly tired, I decided to go back home to bed. I was on the point of leaving when I thought I heard stealthy footsteps. Then I was sure that someone was approaching the back door.

I waited. I tried hard not to breathe but felt I was making a noise like a steam engine. The marauder reached the back door. I heard a key being inserted in the lock, as the door was being opened I rushed from my hiding place and caught hold of the burglar, a thoroughly frightened villager who offered no resistance. So the feeling which had come to me in bed that the person who had taken the back door key meant to

return to the house to continue his thieving had proved right.

I left my bicycle where I had hidden it and, at half-past two in the morning, started on the six mile walk to the police station with my prisoner.

Having lodged him in the lock-up, I reached home about five o'clock, and was on the point of going to bed, at last, when my wife called out: "Is that you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, just after you had gone, Mr. Jones, Cwm, 'phoned from Chester. A break-down he'd had with his lorry on the way home from Liverpool. It was sorry to bother you he was, but knew you wouldn't mind going to tell Mrs. Jones that he wouldn't be home until morning. So good he has been with the potatoes! It won't take you more than twenty minutes with the old bike, will it dear?"

S. R. WOOD (P.C.49).

## Beds and Books

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LIKE many another corporate job, the story of the library at Ham Green Sanatorium is the story, very largely, of the birth and early growth of the unit concerned. In the winter of 1935/36 Toc H, Shirehampton, struggled into being and the wise godfathers of the group said "What you want to keep the lads together is a corporate job". Well, there are no prisons to visit in Shirehampton no hospitals and not even a work-house. Then someone said, "What about Ham Green?". Ham Green Sanatorium and Isolation Hospital is on the other side of the Bristol Avon from Shirehampton, reached by crossing the ferry to Pill. A couple of doughty pioneers adventured across this water barrier and had talks with the M.O. and the Matron. Was there anything Toc H could do to help? It was realised that we could do nothing much for the patients in the Isolation section, but permission was given to try starting a library for the Sanatorium. Then followed a period of furious scrounging. Books we must get by hook or by crook—and lots

of them. A Sanatorium library is rather a different proposition to that of an ordinary hospital library. Patients are, unfortunately, there for very long periods and would quickly read through a few hundred books. Our "star" patient there was "Auntie Flo" who, as far as can be remembered, was in the hospital for about twenty-six years before being transferred.

At last we managed to get together about two thousand books, repaired them where necessary, and covered in uniform (?) brown paper, and a start was made. At first the work was heartbreaking. The very real depression which is one of the distressing symptoms of T.B. made it up-hill work in many, many cases to persuade patients to take the trouble even to read; but as they got used to seeing our ugly mugs Sunday after Sunday they learned to bear with our resolute cheerfulness and sometimes even read the books we dished out. Slowly the stock of books was built up, and a great many of the first collection thrown out, and soon the library began to be something of real value in the life of the 'San'.

Then, about 1938, an Occupational Therapy Unit came into being at Ham Green. At last it seemed that some real effort was being made officially to get the patients interested in living. It was a real joy to see the difference that our humble library had made in the atmosphere of the place, and now things were being made better still. As the Occupational Therapy people got down to the work one of the many crafts taught was book-binding. We felt that the point had now been reached when Toc H should turn over the library to the walking patients and the Occupational Unit, but, happily, when this was done there were many friendships with the patients which kept the odd Toc H bloke in touch, if somewhat infrequently, with the Hospital.

September, 1939, and the years that followed were unavoidably lost, but, in 1946 contact was again made with the Hospital. It was found that the poor old library had quietly faded out, and once more the business of scrounging books began. Now it was much more difficult. Old books had gone for salvage, and new books were much too expensive.





*Shirehampton members "doing the rounds" with the Hospital Library.*

A few books were scraped together—enough, at least, to give us an excuse for those Sunday morning excursions once more. Then a Greek girl, who had no English, became a patient. An appeal was made through the local press for Greek books. A few more were forthcoming, but the most important part of this episode was that it put us in touch with the Red Cross & St. John Library Organisation. There were several meetings with the Area organiser of that body, and now the Library at Ham Green is run by the Red Cross and St. John's. There is a splendid collection of books, which Toc H could not have hoped to get together in the time, many of them new, and a specialist organisation on whom the readers can call for any particular books which they need. Toc H, Shirehampton, still keeps contact—we do the round of the Ladies' Block!

It was not easy to turn over our baby to another organisation but it was the obvious way to ensure that the patients had the best possible service, and now there are many helpers to run the library who otherwise, perhaps, never would have had the opportunity of service which this job affords.

G.L.



## AT THE OLD HOUSE

BEFORE THE WAR Brussels and Charleroi Branches were the sponsors of many Toc H international conferences at Talbot House. They were not only enjoyable but also valuable in consolidating Toc H on the continent. But the war and the occupation swept everything before it, and now there remain only the two Belgian Branches to form a sort of continental beach-head.

For this reason the week-end in Poperinghe arranged in June, and attended by twenty-three men and women members of Brussels and Charleroi, is surely a good omen. None of the scattered members in France, Holland or Scandinavia could manage it, neither Fritz Diederix of The Hague, nor Cornelius Oranje of Soest, nor Knud Villadsen of Copenhagen nor Marcel Thery of Amiens. But from these and many others there came letters of regret and goodwill which showed clearly that although the European roots of Toc H may be sparse they do in fact go deep. The whole party slept at Talbot House but fed at Skindles, and the week-end itself sped happily and informally along as is customary in good company and among friendly surroundings.

Incidentally, if you are likely to be in Ypres at any time make a point of visiting St. George's Church. Stephen Fowler, the Chaplain and an old member of Toc H, showed the party some of the Church's treasures after the "Last Post" at the Menin Gate, and they are worth seeing.

One note recurred in a great deal of the discussion—the desire of both Branches to be in far closer touch with Headquarters and the rest of the Movement. Any visiting member of Toc H would be made very welcome indeed. At present Charleroi is meeting irregularly but Gordon Blackman can be found at 27 Quai de Brabant. Brussels meet on Mondays at 20 Rue de Capt. Crespel at 8 p.m.

## FROM A BRANCH LOG

Kennington, July 10, 1951.

The meeting was then handed over to our guests (twenty-two West Africans) and it proved to be a most interesting affair. Mr. Pencil (?) from Accra in the Gold Coast was the first speaker and he gave the geography and history of his country and his reactions on his English visit. He was one of three sent to work in the Isle of Wight where he enjoyed life and was impressed by the local Branch of 'Toc H, who did a good job in making their stay a pleasant one. He told us that he was very amused at the reactions of the locals when they first saw him.

Then we heard from one of the Nigerians who was not quite so lucky in that he went to West Suffolk, where the amenities of 'Toc H and organised accommodation were not available. Due to the hotels in Bury St. Edmunds being over-crowded for the Royal Show at Cambridge they were forced to move to Sudbury which turned out to be quite an affair. The Mayor gave a banquet and they were treated almost regally by the populace during their short stay.

The leader of the party then summed up their feelings and very sincerely did he do it. They had been told that they were to expect a fairly rough time here but they had been favourably surprised.

While talking of African visitors the current monthly News Letter of the East and West Friendship Council shows what other opportunities for such friendliness were available during the week-ends of July. The first few lines of each announcement are given below—

*Saturday to Sunday, July 7th and 8th.* More particulars are now available about the week-end arranged by the Rotary Club at Andover, Hampshire.

*Saturday, July 21st.* Visit to Oxted, Surrey, arranged by the Limpsfield Village Women's Institute.

*Sunday, July 29th.* Mr. Brian Dickson, who is a member of 'Toc H, would like five of our members to visit him for the day to discuss "Our world as it is and as it might be."

*Wednesday, August 1st.* Mr. S. D. Sane, one of our members from India who is studying Town Planning here, is arranging a tour of the Exhibition of Architecture, which is part of the Festival, at Lansbury, Poplar. G.M.

## WILF LIGHTOWLER

The sudden death, at little more than the age of fifty, on July 7 last, at Wesley College where he was Bursar, of Wilf Lightowler of Perth, Western Australia, places a figure securely in the history and legend of Toc H Western Australia. Without that Yorkshire born, stocky, blunt, painstaking, loyal, stubborn, laughing, practical idealist to whom humility in its best sense had been given as a rigid foundation of character, Toc H there could hardly have survived the economic and administrative difficulties of 1937/1939.

Hauled from the ruins of the great Claremont Branch—and it had been great—to buttress an Area Guard as Area Pilot, he qualified immediately for the post of Area Treasurer. The result was excellent. He ever afterwards approached the affairs of the Guard as an economist, and the financial troubles of the Area as a Pilot. And later when it came to founding a Services Club against possible storm, he added to these the force of a ledger-keeping fist. Loopholes for Wilf existed only to be laced. It is no wonder that during his reign the 'blokes' from Wheatbelt to Karri country never quite knew whether they were paying for a principle or principally paying. So they first paid up to make sure, and made the equation solvent within two years.

But it is not only at the Executive table or at some conference way out in the 'bush' that his old colleagues and friends will think of him. They will think of him as always assiduously on 'deck' for his numerous engagements—often during the War, when his own one-man business was in doubt—or planning with increasing imagination the post-war Subiaco State School—"Toc H Sixth Club"—which each year brought something like fifty adolescent boys and girls into touch with the name and purpose of Toc H at least, and made a contribution to the right kind of citizenship that he thought Australia needed—one where the country of the mind should be as familiar as the playing field; or, perhaps above all, as a happy, lovable, Christian family man: which meant himself and those to whom one's sympathy goes—his three children and his wife Olive.



*The White Horse being cleaned by members of Pewsey Toc H.*

## Scouring the White Horse

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The turf crawled and the fungus crept,  
And the little sorrel, while all men slept,  
Unwrought the work of man.

G. K. CHESTERTON

*The Ballad of the White Horse*

THE WHITE HORSE OF PEWSEY, a prominent feature of the Vale bordering on Salisbury Plain, is not an ancient one. It was, in fact, laid-out by the local Volunteer Fire Brigade as a Coronation memorial in 1936 on the site of a much older one.

During the late war, for security reasons, it was blacked-out and became much overgrown. Regular cleaning requires weeding, digging-up chalk and treating with weed-killer—no easy task on a slope of forty-five degrees with the water supply at the hill bottom. Since 1946 this work has been undertaken by members of Pewsey Toc H Branch. E.O.W.

[ . . . and a first-class job they make of it.—Ed.]

# Just a Pipe-dream?

*With apology to the shade of Lewis Carroll.*

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The Nonsuch Branch were having tea,  
The fun was at its height,  
The members all looked prosperous,  
The room was neat and bright,  
And this was odd, you know, because  
The funds were very light.

The District Bursar rose to speak  
After his tea was done.  
The youngest member muttered as  
He grabbed another bun  
"It's just too bad of him", he said  
"To come and spoil the fun".

"It seems to me", the Bursar said  
"That something must be planned  
"To raise funds for the Family Purse—  
"They ask for thirty grand".  
"Oh, chuck him out!" the Jobbie cried  
"This blighter should be banned".

The Chairman and the Treasurer  
Then looked a trifle blue.  
They'd both heard "money" talks before  
And this was nothing new.  
"Of course, we'd like to help", they said  
"But what more can we do?"

"If all the Branches in the land  
"Discussed it half a year  
"Do you suppose", the Chairman asked  
"That they would get it clear?"  
"Of course not", said the Treasurer.  
The members cried "Hear, hear".

"The time has come", the Bursar said  
"To talk of many things,  
"Of garden parties, sales-of-work,  
"Of concerts, hops and flings,  
"Or else, a Self-Denial Week  
"And all the cash it brings".

"An increase of ten thousand pounds  
"Is what we really need.  
"Ten bob per member would suffice"  
The Treasurer agreed.  
"Looked at like that", the Chairman said  
"It's only chicken feed".

"If every member of Toc H.  
"(Say twenty thousand blokes)  
"Gave up **one** cigarette per week—  
"Just two and fifty smokes—  
"The budget would be balanced and  
"You'd never miss it, folks".

"Look here, chaps", the Treasurer said  
"This talking makes me sick.  
"Let's all smoke less on meeting nights  
"And that will do the trick.  
"We'll all feel better for it,—and  
"The air won't get so thick".

"I'll take the coppers that you save,  
"Twopence for every fag.—  
"Let's hold a Jumble Sale as well,—  
"I wouldn't like to brag  
"But that should rake in thirty quid—  
"The money's in the bag".

At Forty-seven Francis Street  
The staff had ceased to fret.  
Jack Harrison was humming as  
He lit a cigarette.  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
The challenge had been met.

BILL BRADFORD.



*The Mayor (Alderman R. Turner) assists at the opening of Bedford Toc H Services Club*

## Open House at Bedford

"Greyfriars Walk is off the Midland Road roughly half-way to the station, on the right hand side going from the town centre. If the exterior is as forbidding as plain bricks, soot and age can make, we hope that the interior will be found as inviting as Toc H fellowship, comfortable furniture and the ever-ready teapot can provide."

The above extract is taken from an attractive invitation card being circulated amongst Servicemen stationed in and around Bedford. During World War II Bedford Toc H Services Club won a great reputation with the troops and now, to meet present-day needs, it has been revived on a modified scale.

With the help of Toc H Women's Section the Club is now opened on Sundays from 4—9 p.m., and offers a welcome to the large numbers of young men in uniform who roam the town with little apparent purpose. The job is by no means done. Servicemen are inclined to be suspicious of an underlying motive and the Club in these early days has to be 'sold' to the required clients. But it is again on the map.



# A Bag of BOOKS



ALEC PATERSON

*Paterson on Prisons; being the collected papers of Sir Alexander Paterson, edited by S. K. Ruck with a foreword by the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P. (Frederick Muller 15s. od.)*

When Alec Paterson was appointed a Commissioner of Prisons and embarked on the tremendous task which was to be his for the remaining twenty-five years of his life his friends knew that it was goodbye to their hopes that *Across the Bridges* would have a successor. Except for an occasional article or a scrap written for *Toc H* or the Oxford & Bermondsey Club, the brilliant pen that had expressed so movingly his deep understanding of the South London scene was henceforward to be employed within the confines of his official work. It did not thereby lose its quality, and Mr. Ruck has done a real service in making portions of what Paterson wrote on the subject of which he had made himself master available to a wider public.

The book should be read by all those—and there are many in *Toc H*—who hold any judicial office, who are prison visitors, or who are concerned with the probation or after-care of offenders, whether young or old. To all such, however experienced they may be, these papers will bring a deeper understanding of a problem as complex as it is important. They will learn from Paterson “the fundamental principle of dissociating the criminal from his crime”. They will come to see that though “there is a real technique in the proper treatment and training of the prisoner” yet there can be no “exact science of human conduct” because “no two men are alike”. Here was no sentimentalist but a practical administrator, open-eyed to the capacity for evil yet never losing his faith in nor relaxing his effort to release some latent God-given capacity for good. His views on the selection and training of staff, here set out, were exacting, and the kind of thing he asked from them can be seen in the brilliant passage on

Borstal discipline extracted from the little grey handbook which he wrote for the staff and which many of them still cherish as they would their Bible.

But when all is said, it is as the self-disclosure of a great heart that these pages have their greatest value. After one of his visits to America he wrote "The women in charge of these reformatories have the light of heaven in their eyes and their feet firmly grounded in common sense". The words would be an apt description of Alec himself. But perhaps the last word should be with the little article written for the *TOC H JOURNAL*, very happily reprinted here as an appendix. "There are only two sorts of men—the givers and the getters." There can be no doubt to which sort Alec Paterson belonged.  
H.S.

## LOCAL COLOUR

*The World Christ Knew*, by Canon Anthony Deane (Guild Books 1s. 6d.)

"The trouble is I can't afford books". But this time the complaint is not one that most people can truthfully put forward. Even in these days, a shilling is not a great deal to spend on ninety-six pages. Arithmeticians, amongst whom I cannot be numbered, will readily work out the cost per page.

It is good to be a Christian, but better to be an intelligent Christian; and to be either requires a real knowledge of the Gospels. To understand the Gospels we need to know something of their local colour; and to have acquired that makes the reading of them infinitely more interesting. This book provides, in eminently readable fashion, the local colour. What was the country like where Jesus lived? How did the people earn their living? What did they believe in? Who were the Pharisees and why were they in such opposition to Jesus?

As the author puts it, "the more we know of the world Christ lived in, the better shall we understand what He said".

Here, through a book, is a speaker for many meetings of a Toc H Branch. His travelling expenses are only one shilling.  
J.D.

## PAINTING FOR PLEASURE

*Painting for Pleasure.* By R. O. Dunlop, R.A. (Phoenix House 8s. 6d.)

On the heels of the exhibition in London called "Painting is a Pleasure", which both benefited the friends of ToC H handsomely and gave pleasure to many people, comes this excellent little book. In it an artist, instead of jealously guarding professional secrets, does his best to pass them on to every reader. He starts by maintaining that "anyone can paint" and urges us all to "take the plunge". He explains, in the simplest language, the elements that make up a picture; he describes the essential tools and materials of the craft and gives precise directions how to use them for watercolour, oil and pastel. And his book is full of infectious love of the beauty which lies, half unsuspected, in the common things round us; he makes us feel as well as see. Indeed he touches the deepest secret of all true art when he writes:

Meanness never pays in art. You may have to be wasteful, to mix more than you eventually need, to discard sketches, to try again and again. But it is the generous spirit that will prevail. It is as though art were linked with giving and not with getting.

## WORDS ON WORDS

*The Romance of Words.* By Ernest Weekley; *On the Art of Writing* and *On the Art of Reading.* By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Guild Books, 1s. 6d. each).

Each of these books has survived thirty years, but is most welcome as a reprint in this handy cheap edition. For they deal in a living way with a most live subject—the English language. As we use this indispensable instrument day by day, century after century, carelessly or lovingly, it grows and changes astonishingly—a fascinating "romance of words", as Mr. Weekley calls it. 'Q' goes on to show how gloriously (and shamefully) this grand instrument can be used, its highest peak of achievement the Authorised Version of the English Bible. There is a great treat awaiting any reader who does not know these books already, and a renewal of it for anyone who does.

B.B.

# Branch Briefs



■ WREXHAM's contribution to the Festival of Britain was to treat more than five hundred old folk to a cinema show, tea and a concert.

■ A cheque for £70 5s. 11d. for the Family Purse has resulted from the Monmouthshire District Fête, organised by CHEPSTOW, LANGSTONE and MAINDEE & NEWPORT.

■ Camberwell businessmen co-operated with DULWICH to give eighty disabled people an outing into Kent. Tea for them was organised by WEST WICKHAM.

■ During last season LEEDS Mobile Film Unit gave 143 free shows to audiences totalling nearly eleven thousand.

■ Royal Marine 'frogmen' were an outstanding attraction at the Summer Fair organised by TUNBRIDGE WELLS and the local Rotary Club. Thirteen thousand people passed through the gates.

■ Items for inclusion in the second 'Annual Auction Sale' (see July JOURNAL) to be held by TETBURY on September 15, will be warmly welcomed by Ted Tanner, 31 Hampton Street, Tetbury, Glos.

■ A house-to-house collection undertaken by WEST DRAYTON & YIEWSLEY realised a total of £156 17s. 8d.

■ Hospitality at "Sewell House" is offered by GREAT YARMOUTH to Branches organising outings. Write for details direct to: S. W. Smith, 136 Bells Road, Gorleston-on-Sea, Great Yarmouth.

■ Festival of Britain Sheep Dog trials arranged by CRAIGYDON in July were so successful that it has been decided to make them an annual event.

■ When BISHOPS STORTFORD recently took old and lonely folk for an evening drive, amongst the owner-drivers helping were the Town Clerk, Councillors, the hospital Matron, a District Nurse and leading business men.

■ Congratulations to WILLESBOROUGH No. 2 (Kent) on transforming a ramshackle old hut and overgrown garden into highly presentable headquarters.

# Still on the Map

## Belfast Toc H

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READING THE REPORT of the Central Council and the appointments for the Central Executive for 1951/52. I looked for the name of the Representative for Ireland under the heading "The rest of Great Britain and Ireland", but we are not named. However, we do still function and, it might interest readers to know what is happening in this outpost of the Empire.

Our total membership is approximately one hundred made up from four Branches. Central Branch are engaged in General Welfare work with both Old and Young People, in addition they have raised £60 for the Family Purse. Holywood Branch are very active in connection with an Eventide Home run by the Salvation Army. They have also raised a good sum for the Family Purse and are contemplating further help in this direction. Shankill Branch are doing an excellent job of work at the Ewart House Community Centre and Londonderry Branch are very active with various jobs for Hospitals; Film Shows and Library work.

The biggest job is carried out by Victoria Branch of Toc H, who were the pioneers of the Toc H Mobile Sound Ciné Unit—an idea which has spread far and wide. This unit gives between thirty-five and forty shows per month to Hospitals and Institutions all over the six counties of Northern Ireland. It is a very extensive job and, means that one man, Fred Gray, is fully employed as Secretary and Organiser. Their equipment, which is valued at £2,000, comprises the very latest of its kind. This is all vested in an Organisation known as the Belfast and District Hospitals Entertainment Association and it is manned entirely by Toc H Members. Finances are almost completely covered by arrangement with the Ministry of Health, a satisfactory state of affairs arrived at by persistent representation. In addition to the foregoing, Victoria Branch have managed to

run a Jumble Sale which helped to produce £50 for the Family Purse.

Talbot House at 71 Dublin Road, Belfast, can easily be recognised by the Toc H sign and the newly painted front with gay flower-bedecked window boxes. If any Toc H members pass this way, look in, Fred Gray will almost certainly make you a cup of "Cawfee", it is awful stuff to drink, but, it is always on tap. This little corner of Erin's Isle is still on the map.

JOSEPH D. FRAME.

## "Nouns of Assembly"

### A Competition

Last June *The Church Times* invited readers to submit "nouns of assembly" (e.g. a *pride* of lions) for various ecclesiastical functionaries. This resulted in such entries as: A *Laud* of Archbishops, a *Cush* of Canons, a *Dignity* of Deans, a *Quota* of Diocesans, a *Windfall* of Organists, a *Wander* of Vergers, a *Bedrock* of Vicars.

**An offer has been made to provide two book-tokens as first and second prizes for the best entries received in the following competition:**

Competitors are invited to submit "nouns of assembly" for *any eight* of the following: Area Padres, Banner Bearers, Branch Chairmen, Builders, Councillors, District Bursars, General Members, Guests, Hostellers, Jobmasters, Journal Readers, Mark Wardens, Members, Pilots, Secretaries, Speakers, Treasurers.

**All entries must reach the Editor by September 28, bearing the sender's name or pseudonym and his address. Prize-winners' names and quotations from entries will be printed in the November Journal.**



*The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.*

## Self-Denial

DEAR EDITOR,

At the Annual Meeting of the Central Council the Membership of Toc H pledged itself anew to raise a further annual sum of £10,000 to sustain and propagate the Toc H way of life. As an integral part of that Family we the members of the Staff at a subsequent meeting, recognising the vital need of Toc H's contribution to our time, decided that as a witness to our faith and as an onus of our belief in the absolute value of a personal contribution, that we will observe the week October 6 to 13 as a time of personal Self-Denial. We believe that there are many others throughout the country who would wish to join us in this act of witness and we therefore invite them to do so at the same time.

We believe that in our corporate giving we pledge ourselves anew and that the joy of those who give with their whole heart will be granted to us.

On behalf of all our colleagues,

SAWBONES      JACK SHAW  
NORMAN MCPHERSON GREENO  
JOHN JONES      IAN FRASER

*All gifts should be forwarded to Jack Harrison at 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1, as soon after October 13, 1951 as possible; they should be marked "Self-denial Week".*

## "The Elder Brethren"

DEAR EDITOR,

It was with amazement that I read the letter from J. J. Wake. Surely the words "The Elder Brethren" are the very essence of our Movement, and time and space in the JOURNAL, such as it is, one page only on most occasions, should not be asking too much for this.

I have always understood our Elder Brethren to be our light and inspiration, and have no conception of old men. I cannot see where we look to the past. We think of them and their goodness, and dedicate ourselves to strive for the future.

When one has been in Toc H for twenty-one years many friendships and contacts are made with members, and the JOURNAL is the only intimation

of any of our friends joining the Elder Brethren.

I beg to differ.

SYD SMITH.

*Cleethorpes, Lincs.*

### 'Ham' Radio

DEAR EDITOR,

I read with interest in the JOURNAL the letter from Alfred Hine, on the subject of Amateur Radio.

I hold the call sign ZE2KJ, and would indeed welcome Toc H over the air. Up to now I have never chanced across Toc H on the bands; although I do feel the family spirit of the amateur fraternity is very much akin to Toc H ideals.

CHAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

*Umtali, S. Rhodesia.*

DEAR EDITOR,

In the June number of the JOURNAL I read of a brother-member having a world-wide circle of friends made up of owners of amateur transmitting stations. Well, Sir, I have no station but I have made overseas friends by writing letters to short-wave stations and since 1947 have been in contact with Delhi, Ankara, Belgrade, Madrid, Jerusalem, Buenos Aires, Boston, U.S.A., and many more in different parts of the world.

I am a Toc H Builder and

also a member of the Royal Forestry Society of England and Wales, and if I can help any Toc H Branch to beautify the grounds round and about with trees and shrubs, if they will please let me know I will do my best to help them.

WILFRED SHUTTLEWORTH.

*Rose Mount,*

*17 New Street,*

*Donisthorpe, Staffs.*

### Facts Wanted

DEAR EDITOR,

In *Talking Points* John Callif has done a useful job which ought to encourage many would-be speakers. I think it would be an even better job for someone to write a companion booklet sub-titled *Facts for Speakers New and Old*.

The booklet I have in mind shows the Toc H share in various kinds of service and would give the stories of ideas which have originated from Toc H thinking. Above all, it would give facts and figures.

It is all very well to tell the story of Toc H but to some young listeners the Old House and the post-1918 beginnings of our Movement seem to belong to another age. They want to know what we are doing now.

V. O. BROWN.

*Far Cotton, Northants.*

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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